CHICAGO · MENDELSSOHN · CLUB

1913 — TWENTIETH SEASON — 1914

CHICAGO
MENDELSSOHN
CLUB

HARRISON M. WILD
Musical Conductor

Third Concert

Thursday Evening, April Thirtieth

Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen

Orchestra Hall

Assisting

Mr. Reed Miller	*Tenor*
Mr. C. F. Champlin	*Baritone*
Mr. René S. Lund	*Baritone*
Mr. Paul W. McKay	*Baritone*
Mr. Calvin F. Lampert	*Pianist*
Mr. Allen W. Bogen	*Organist*

Program Notes by
Mr. Elwood A. Emery

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PROGRAM

1. Song of the Vikings ..... *Eaton Faning*

2. a. O Mother Mine ..... *W. H. Neidlinger*
   b. The Frog ..... *Ernest Newton*
   c. King Death ..... *Henry Houseley*

3. a. Botschaft ..... *Brahms*
   b. Couplet — Eugene Onegin ..... *Tschaikowsky*
   c. Wine on the Rhine ..... *Ries*

   Mr. Reed Miller

4. The Song of the Camp ..... *H. J. Stewart*

   Solos by C. F. Champlin
   and
   Paul W. McKay

5. a. Ave Maria ..... *V. E. Nessler*
   b. Hymn to the Madonna ..... *Edward Kremser*

   Solo by Mr. Miller

INTERMISSION

6. a. The Son of the Prophet ..... *Jean-Baptiste Faure*
   b. Sleeptime ..... *Frank E. Ward*

   Solo by René S. Lund

   c. The Cruiskeen Lawn ..... *Victor Herbert*

7. a. Before the Dawn ..... *Meyer*
   b. Condescend ..... *Mac Farlane*
   c. Pipes of Gordon's Men ..... *Hammond*

   Mr. Miller

8. a. The Redman's Death Chant .....
   b. Peter and his Teeter-Tauter ..... } *Paul Bliss*
   c. A Devastating Storm .....

9. The Nun of Nidaros ..... *Daniel Protheroe*

SONG OF THE VIKINGS

E. Somerville Gibney — *Joseph Eaton Faning*
1850
Arranged by A. H. Ryder

Eaton Faning, a Cornishman by birth, and son of a music professor, began his musical career at the age of five, and from that time on, his life has been one of ceaseless activity in his profession. In 1870 he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and rose step by step to the rank of professor there. From 1885 to 1901, when he retired from public activity, he was Director of Music at Harrow, that great school founded in 1571, which has nurtured such men as Lord Byron, Cardinal Manning, Sir Robert Peel, and Anthony Trollope.

The "Song of the Vikings," the best known of his part-songs, made its first appearance under modest conditions. While yet a student at the Royal Academy, Faning conducted the Wickham Park Musical Society. The word-book of its "Second Amateur Concert," given May 16, 1876, thus records the launching of "The Vikings";

PART SECOND

Part-Song: "The Vikings"—Eaton Faning.

Duet Accompaniment, Miss Hogg and Miss Pawle.

Written especially for this occasion by Mr. Eaton Faning.

Words by E. S. Gibney, Esq.

The work sprung into immediate popularity and was presented at a Students' Concert at the Royal Academy in May, 1877. Somerville Gibney, the writer of these stirring lines, is an old Harrovian. He is also the author of the words of Dr. Faning's dramatic chorus "Liberty," and of several of his solo songs.

The wind is blowing from off the shore,
  And our sail has felt its force,
For our bark bounds forth o'er the crested waves
  As a wild and restive horse.
Our sharp prow cleaves the billows
  And breaks them into spray,
And they brightly gleam in the glad sunlight,
  As we speed upon our way.
Lords of the waves we are,
  Kings of the seething foam!
Warriors bold, from the Norseland cold.
  Far o'er the sea we roam.

We have left our wives and our sweethearts fair
On the rock encircled strand,
To entreat the gods to watch o'er their loves,
And to bring them back to land.
Each day they'll pray to heaven,
Nor will they pray in vain,
For the gods will watch o'er our sturdy bark,
And will guide her home again.
Lords of the waves, etc.

To our oars we bend with a right good will,
And all sorrow leave behind;
As the white wing'd gulls which around us skim,
We are racing with the wind.
And when our foes are vanquished,
And we return once more,
Oh, the welcome glad they will greet us with,
As we gain the long'd for shore!
Lords of the waves, etc.

O MOTHER MINE

Joseph Rudyard Kipling — *1865*

William Harold Neidlinger — *1863*

The initial appearance of "Mother o' Mine" was as a dedicatory poem in the first English edition of "The Light That Failed," dated 1891; but it was not included in the first American appearance of the same work in Lippincott's Magazine for January, 1891.

Both the text and Mr. Neidlinger's music possess a ruggedness and virility that make the number especially fitted for a male chorus.

If I were hang'd on the highest hill,
I know whose feet would follow me still,
O Mother mine!

If I were drown'd in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
O Mother mine!

If I were damn'd of body and soul
I know whose pray'rs would make me whole,
O Mother mine!

THE FROG

Frederic Edward Weatherly — *Ernest Newton*
1848

Frederic Weatherly, formerly a coach at Oxford, where he graduated, later became a barrister in London; but though law be his vocation, he has devoted himself to literature and music for many years. His publications include numerous books for children and many well known lyrics, such as "Nancy Lee," "They All Love Jack," "The Deathless Army," "Douglas Gordon" and "The Holy City."

Ernest Newton was born in Wales and educated at Cambridge. His musical training was also gained in England. He is the composer of many popular songs, including "Going to Kildare," "Nita Gitana," and "Ailsa Mine" (for which Mr. Weatherly wrote the words). Mr. Newton is organist of St. Thomas's Church, London, and director of the London School of Pianoforte Accompaniment; he is also Song Editor for Novello and Company, London.

There sat a frog in a river bed,
Croak! croak! croak!
"I wish I were big as an ox," he said,
"It would be a joke!"

So he swelled himself out as a little frog would,
Puff! puff! puff!
But though he did it as much as he could.
It wasn't enough!

Then sadly down in the bank he lay,
Croak! croak! croak!
And he did what a banker sometime may,
He broke! Yes, he broke!

KING DEATH

Bryan Waller Procter
1787-1874

Henry Houseley
1858

While Barry Cornwall (Procter's nom-de-plume), the author of "King Death," is classed as a poet, he also produced a tragedy, "Mirandola," performed by Kemble at Covent Garden, "Essays and Tales in Prose," originally contributed to annuals, but collected in 1853, and at the ripe age of eighty, his delightful "Charles Lamb," a memoir (1866-68). His songs, covering a wide range of themes, number nearly three hundred.

Mr. Houseley, English by birth, has dwelt in Denver for the last quarter of a century, and there has devoted himself indefatigably to his art, as teacher, composer, director and organist. His compositions consist of two light operas, two short serious operas, church cantatas, chamber music, symphonic music and part-songs, like "King Death." For four years he was director of First Symphony Orchestra in Denver. At present he is director of the Denver Choral Society, and organist and musical director of St. John's Cathedral and Temple Emanuel.

King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sate where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes;
And the beauty her bloom returning,
As the beads of the black wine rose.

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laugh'd 'till his eyes dropp'd brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledg'd them in Death's black wine.

Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

(*a*) BOTSCHAFT

Brahms

Gentle zephyrs, wanton softly on my fair one's cheek of roses,
When ye toy among her tresses, rest awhile nor fly away,
Then if she perchance should ask ye,
How I bear my lot of sorrow,
Say; with tears he greets the morrow,
And the pangs of absence rend him,
But if thou a message send him,
Joy within his heart will waken,
When, oh fairest, when he knows it comes,
Comes from thee.

(*b*) A COUPLET—EUGENE ONEGIN

Tschaikowsky

I haf one couplet here vis me—
Mais vere wass now mademoiselle—
She muss be standing before me—
Car zis couplet—was made for she.
A ha! Voilà ze Princess of zis day,
Mesdames—I now will to commence,
I beg you vill not en-ter-rupt—

Ye who attend this charming ball
Come, admire ye one and all,
Her for whom we hold this festival.
How her sweet look and charming face
Shed their soft radiance o'er this place!
What a joy to see such charm, such grace,
Shine on for aye, divine Tatiana!

(*c*) WINE ON THE RHINE

Ries

Oh, fill the bowl with Rhine wine!
It shines so fresh and clear,
I've drunk all kinds of fine wine
For many a happy year.
The white wine and the ruddy
Have gleamed in sparkling foam,
I'd plight with anybody
The nectar draught of home.
For there the casks are bursting
With richest, rarest wine;
Refreshment for the thirsting
Blooms on the German Rhine.

Fill high with generous wine there
The Rhineland's golden prize;
When sheltered by the vine there
One deems it paradise.
A wondrous tune goes ringing
The vale and hills along;
The stream's bright waves are singing
The chorus to my song.
With music wine caresses
How fair the moments shine.
Who will not own God's blesses,
The Rhine, the German Rhine!

THE SONG OF THE CAMP

James Bayard Taylor
1825-1878

Humphrey John Stewart
1856

"The Song of the Camp" is grouped with Taylor's "Romances and Lyrics," which was first published in 1852. Mr. Albert H. Smyth, his friendly critic in World's Best Literature, says of him: "He has real lyric genius, as is abundantly shown in the 'Poems of the Orient.' 'The Bedouin Song'—paralleled only in Shelley—and 'The Song of the Camp' are two lyrics that will last as long as anything in American poetry."

Upon this noble foundation Mr. Stewart has built a splendid superstructure, his music reflecting the strength and tenderness of the lines, and rendered the more charming by the artistic use of the quaint melody, "Annie Laurie."

This able composition was written for the Pittsburgh Male Chorus, and won the prize for the season 1911-1912.

"Give us a song," the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff
Lay grim and threat'ning under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause; a guardsman said:
"We storm the forts tomorrow;
Sing while we may; another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the batt'ry's side,
Below the smoking cannon:
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a diff'rent name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory,
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of Annie Laurie.

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing:
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

AVE MARIA

Ernst — *Victor Ernst Nessler*
1841-1890

Nessler was an Alsatian by birth. After receiving his early training at Strassburg, he went to Leipsic, the musical mecca of that period, where he became music director at the State Theater, and also director of the Leipsic Sängerbund. He wrote many operas and operettas, which appealed greatly to the popular taste. Through his "Rattenfänger von Hameln" (1879) and "Trompeter von Säkkingen" (1884), as well as several of his songs and male choruses, he became widely known and greatly beloved throughout Germany.

When twilight shades are falling
O'er meadow, hill and dell,
So softly sounds the bell
To ev'ning prayer us calling.
Ave Maria!
Thee, Virgin pure, we praise and bless,
Love's guiding star art thou for us,
That opes the gates of happiness.

Love, thou star of gladness,
Whose tender light doth glow,
That into joy turns woe,
And into pleasure sadness!
Ave Maria!
Thou star of love, thou dost relieve
From sorrow's pang, the hearts that grieve,
And bid'st them blessings still receive.

Evening bells are ringing,
And night comes slowly on;
To ev'ry weary one
It peaceful rest is bringing.
Ave Maria!
Thou Mary mild, be ever blest,
O lead us on to what is best,
To rest, to rest, eternal rest.

HYMN TO THE MADONNA

Franz Krämer
d. 1901

Edward Kremser
1838

English version by Dr. Th. Baker

Edward Kremser was born in Vienna. In 1869 he was made the conductor of the Vienna Männergesangverein, for which he has composed many choruses.

The poet, Franz Krämer, was a member of the Männergesangverein from 1857 until his death, and he too made occasional contributions to this notable society. As a writer his fame was confined to Austria. After his death (in 1902) a collection of his poems was published, under the title "Träume eines entschlafenen Sängers," and was dedicated to his "Brüdern und intimsten Freunden."

With all my weight of woes unspoken,
Let me before Thee bend the knee;
Thou hope of weary hearts and broken,
Madonna, show Thy grace to me.
On Thee I call, the tears are falling
From out mine eyes in grateful flow,
And heav'nly voices hear I calling:
Do not despair, O child of woe.

Within my breast echoes their message,
The flow'r of faith now blooms again,
In warm devotion's holy presage,
As clouds of night dissolve my pain.
I hear a sound of angel voices,
The last of earthly fetters breaks;
My longing heart, to heav'n upwinging,
With Thee in light and joy awakes.

INTERMISSION

THE SON OF THE PROPHET

Jules Chantepie
d. 1885
English version by
H. W. Dulcken

Jean-Baptiste Faure
1830
Arranged by
Samuel Richards Gaines

The composer of this number, Jean-Baptiste Faure, widely known as a dramatic baritone in his earlier days, graduated from the Paris Conservatory in 1850, and made his début the following year at the Opéra Comique. For twenty-five years he stood in the first rank of opera singers, being heard in America, Italy, Russia and England, as well as in his native country. As a composer he is best known through "The Palms" and "The Crucifix." This venerable man now resides quietly in Paris, his declining years no doubt sweetened by the memory of former triumphs.

Jules Chantepie, the writer of this lyric, was the author of two novels, "Dianora" (1874) and "Les Charbonniers" (1881). In 1877 he arranged the former as an opera libretto, and the opera "Dianora," music by Samuel Rousseau, was presented at the Opéra Comique in 1879. In conjunction with MM. d'Enery and Dumanoir, he also wrote the libretto for Massenet's opera "Don César de Bazan" (1872). "The Son of the Prophet" is only one of several of his lyrics which M. Faure utilized in writing his songs.

He hath gone by, son of the Prophet,
Brandishing sharp death in his hand!
And fierce like as bloweth the tempest,
His foes hath he stretch'd on the sand.
And oft the hoof of his swift courser
Hath spurn'd the nations and their kings,
And still, while marching triumphant,
His chains o'er the fair East he flings!

Through plains of Asia wide and bounteous,
He rolleth forth the tide of war;
And plants on worlds, till now unconquer'd,
His standard bright that gleams afar.
Forth from his home in distant regions,
Forth he doth journey like the sun;
Never the mountains and the valleys,
Saw such a storm as then begun.
Oh! great in the peacetime, great in the wartime,
He still doth reign, right strong and proud.
Bright in its shine, to symbol light that is divine,
The crescent o'er him gleams abroad!

Ten hundred years he's seen of triumph,
Ten hundred years he's seen of strife;
And now from his throne of fierce glory,
He looketh down on subject life.
From Nile to where Sarmatia lieth,
From great Babel's walls to Tunis gate;
Far as from Danube to Euphrates
His all hath been declared by Fate!

In lands where gleam the rays of morning,
Stamboul hath ris'n in glory bright;
It flourisheth in fairer beauty
Than when in ancient splendor dight.
There still he watches in his pow'r.
Conquering still, now in peace he's shown,
For now his mighty race he leadeth.
Mid peaceful progress boldly on.

Oh! great in the peacetime, etc.

SLEEPTIME

George Vere Hobart
1867

Frank Edwin Ward
1872. Opus 21, No. 1

George V. Hobart, the popular author and playwright, was born and educated in Nova Scotia. In the States he first followed the career of journalist in New York and Baltimore, but later became a prolific writer of plays and comic opera libretti. This little poem, "Sleeptime," was written in the closing years of the last century, and appeared first in the Baltimore American. Besides Mr. Ward's composition, it has been set to music by Mr. Raymond Hubbell, and was sung in the Ziegfeld Follies of 1913-14.

Mr. Frank Ward, who resides in New York City, has composed many songs, anthems and instrumental pieces. Since 1902 he has been organist and choirmaster at Columbia University, as well as at Temple Israel, and since 1906, has held a similar position at Church of Holy Trinity.

Sun am dess a golden ball
A sinkin' in de west;
De bull-frog am a singin' to
De one he love de best;
An' at daylight a'm a gwine home
To take a little rest;
Sing-a-low mah black-eye rascal
Sing-a-low! Sing-a-low!

Little clouds am runnin' kase
Dah mammy tol' em to;
De whip-po-will am chunin' up
A song fo' me an' yo';
An' a sky am feelin' happy kase
De stars am peepin' frew
Sing-a-low mah black-eye rascal
Sing-a-low! Sing-a-low!

Wind am makin' music fo'
De trees upon de hill;
Owls am dess a wakin' up
Down yonder by de mill;
Shadows comin' roun' to see
Ef yo' is keepin' still,
Sing-a-low mah black-eye rascal,
Sing-a-low! Sing-a-low!

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN

Dedicated to Clarence Dickinson and The Mendelssohn Club of New York

Old Irish

Arranged by Victor Herbert 1859

Victor Herbert, our well-known conductor and composer, although devoting himself principally to serious music in the larger forms, paused long enough in his labors last year to arrange this little Irish ditty, found on his native heath, Dublin—and give it to the musical public.

The poem is characteristically Hibernian, being an ode to the full jug. In their "Treasury of Irish Poetry," Brooke and Rallston say of it, "It would be different to imagine a more jovial, sly, rollicking and altogether irresistible bacchanalian song than the immortal 'Cruiskeen Lawn.' The English words and the Irish blend together most happily.

The refrain:

Gra ma chree ma cruiskeen,
Slainte geal ma vourneen,
Gra ma chree a coolin bawn,

May be rendered:

Love of my heart, my little jug,
Bright health to my darling!
The love of my heart is her fair hair!
(referring to the foam on top.)

The origin of the poem is lost in obscurity. It probably sprang up, in its present form, in the convivial circles of 18th century Ireland, and no doubt has a reminiscence of some Gaelic original."

Mr. Herbert has utilized only half of the poem, there being four stanzas in all.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the hunter praise his hounds,
  And the shepherd his sweet scented lawn;
But I, more blest than they
Spend each happy night and day
  With my charming little cruiskeen lawn,
Oh, my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
  Gra ma chree ma cruiskeen
  Slainte geal ma vourneen
Gra ma chree a coolin bawn.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
  Create me by adoption your son;
In hope that you'll comply,
That my glass shall ne'er run dry,
  Nor my smiling, little Cruiskeen Lawn.

(*a*) BEFORE THE DAWN *Meyer*

In the hush of the morn, before the sun,
I waken to think of thee,
And all the bright day thus begun,
As hallow'd seems to be.
In the holy repose the morning star,
With trembling awaits the sun,
And thus my heart if near or far,
Awaits thee, dearest one.
In a golden ecstacy of bliss,
The fair morning star will die,
But I, immortal by thy kiss,
Live, live but when thou art nigh.

(*b*) CONDESCEND *Mac Farlane*

Bend to me lovely rose,
On me thy gaze repose,
So shall thy perfume waft me on love's streams,
So shall thy beauty haunt all my dreams.
Ope to me lovely rose,
To me thy heart disclose.
Then in thy petals softly enfold me;
So shall we mingle my heart in thine.

(*c*) THE PIPES OF GORDON'S MEN

William G. Hammond

Home comes a lad with the bonnie hair,
And the kilted plaid that the hillclans wear;
And you hear the mother say,
"Whear ha' ye bin, my Laddie, whear ha' ye bin th' day?"
"Oh! I ha' bin wi' Gordon's men;
Dinna ye hear the bagpipes play?
And I followed the soldiers across the green,
And doon th' road ta Aberdeen.
And when I'm a man, my mother,
And th' grenadiers parade,
I'll be marchin' there wi' my father's pipes,
And I'll wear the red cockade."

'Neath the Soudan's sky ye ken the smoke,
As the clans reply when the tribesmen spoke.
And then the charge roars by!
The death-sweat clings to the kilted form that the stretcher brings,
And the iron-nerved surgeons say,
"Whear ha' ye bin, my Laddie, whear ha' ye bin th' day?"
"Oh! I ha' bin wi' Gordon's men;
Dinna ye hear th' bag-pipes play?
And I piped the clans from the river barge
Across the sands and through the charge.
And I skirled the pibroch keen and high,
But the pipes bin broke and my lips bin dry."

THE RED MAN'S DEATH CHANT
PETER AND HIS TEETER-TAUTER
A DEVASTATING STORM

Philip Paul Bliss
1872

Mr. Paul Bliss, of Cincinnati, is becoming more widely known each year through his musical compositions, in which he shows a decided penchant towards male chorus music.

Mr. Bliss has contributed the words as well as the music for "The Red Man's Death Chant," and "A Devastating Storm." These two songs, which have been presented on previous occasions by the Mendelssohn Club, are virile in style, and show to a marked degree the writer's ability to write program music.

"Peter and His Teeter-Tauter" is from the pen of Miss Estelle M. Kerr, of Toronto, and is one of nineteen poems from her little book entitled "Little Sam in Volendam." Miss Kerr is a well known young artist, who, having studied painting in New York and Paris, has devoted herself professionally to the art for the last seven years. During one of her summer trips abroad, while sketching in Holland, she was inspired to produce "Little Sam in Volendam," doing the illustrations herself.

Miss Kerr is also a contributor to some of the leading magazines on this continent (principally of children's stories and rhymes), and edits a children's page in a Canadian weekly. In fact, whether with brush or pen, she is at her best in the interpretation of child life.

THE RED MAN'S DEATH CHANT.

Wild rush of blood in my veins,
  Fierce gleam of hate in my eye,
As I gaze on the hot dry plains,
  And know that I must die.

Brave chiefs of days long gone by,
  Curs'd, crush'd and swept from the land,
On the waste of the wilds I lie,
  And Death, grim Death at hand.

Great Spirit, I am alone;
  Blood, red blood, do I see,
And I curse, with my last deep moan,
  The foes that séarch for me—ugh!

PETER AND HIS TEETER-TAUTER.

Peter had a teeter-tauter,
And one day the miller's daughter
Came around to play with Peter.
So he taught her how to teeter.

Martje liked to teeter-tauter,
But she rather felt she ought to
Go to school; but wicked Peter
said, "Oh, no, please stay and teeter!"

But the teacher came and caught her,
Martje thought that she would beat her,
But that naughty little Peter
Taught her teacher how to teeter.

A DEVASTATING STORM

Hark! The storm draws near.
It blows, howls! It shrieks, thunders, roars overhead!

The heavens clear;
Upon the pavement, cold and still, a little worm lies
dead!

THE NUN OF NIDAROS

To the Cymric Vocal Union, Liverpool, England.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow *Daniel Williams Protheroe*
1807-1882 *1866. Opus 63*

The Saga of King Olaf, which constitute the major portion of the first part of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," were written at first with the design of independent publication. Nearly two years after the idea first occurred to him, Longfellow took up the task in earnest, then, in November, 1860, "with all kinds of interruptions", he says, he wrote fifteen of the lyrics in as many days, and a few days afterward completed the whole of the Saga. Meanwhile one of the lyrics had been printed, along with the legend of "Rabbi Ben Levi." The first of the Tales, in complete form, was published November 25, 1863.

"The Nun of Nidaros," the last lyric in the Saga, like the rest of the group is dramatic and rich in legendary interest,—qualities which are skilfully handled in Mr. Protheroe's spirited musical setting.

In the convent of Drontheim,
Alone in her chamber
Knelt Astrid, the Abbess,
At midnight, adoring,
Beseeching, entreating
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking
Without, in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind,
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened;
Of some one who answered,
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off,
She could not distinguish.

The voice of St. John,
The beloved disciple,
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted,
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest!

"Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry!
Patience is powerful;
He that o'ercometh
Hath power o'er the nations!

"As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains;

"So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o'erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining!

"Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth!

"Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness
Fearful and formless;
Day dawns, and thou art not!

"The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless;
Love is eternal!
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us;
Christ is eternal!"

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TO OUR PATRONS

This is the last subscription concert of the season of 1913-1914.

Blanks and addressed envelopes have been sent to all subscribers, and it is earnestly hoped that renewals will be sent in early, as the capacity of Orchestra Hall was taxed to the utmost this year, and failure to renew might cause disappointment later.

A great number of our subscribers have become permanent members, about 50 per cent, and it would be very gratifying to the Board of Management if the remaining 50 per cent would change their annual memberships to permanents.

There is room in the Active Membership of the Club for a few more good voices.

Entrance to the Club is by examination, and there is no initiation fee, nor are there any dues.

For information and application blanks apply to

H. F. GRABO, *Secretary*,
323 So. Wabash Ave.
(Baldwin Co.)

LIFE MEMBERS

SECTION 8, *a*. Upon payment of $500 into the Life Membership Fund any applicant may become a Life Member upon election as herein provided.

b. Life Members who are not Active or Retired Members, shall be entitled to vote only upon all questions touching the Life Membership Fund.

c. Life Members shall have all the privileges of Honorary Members.

d. All Life Memberships shall be alienable, inheritable, and devisable, and every transfer of a Life Membership shall become effective when the transferee, heir or devisee has qualified and been elected to membership in the manner provided in Article I, Sec. 3, par. a and d, which shall govern as to all applicants for Life Membership except Active or Retired Members. Active or Retired Members may become Life Members by paying $500 into the Life Membership Fund.

e. The owner of a Life Membership, or the legal representative of such owner, shall give 30 days' notice to the Board of Management of any proposed transfer, together with the name of the proposed transferee; and upon a sale, the proposed purchase price;—and the Board of Management shall have the prior right to purchase such Life Membership at the price the proposed purchaser intends paying for it.

f. Until disposed of as per Article XIII, Sec. 5, the aggregate amount paid to the Club for Life Memberships shall be kept intact in a separate fund called the Life Membership Fund; shall be invested and re-invested like the Reserve Fund in securities registered as per Article XII, Sec. 5, and the interest and income accruing from said Life Membership Fund shall be applied to the current expenses of the Club; but such interest and income shall never be anticipated.

g. The Life Members shall never exceed seventy-three (73) in number.

h. Every Life Member shall annually receive one $20 Associate Membership for the Club's concerts.

SECTION 4. If this Club ever disbands such action can only be taken at a special meeting called for that sole purpose upon thirty (30) days' previous notice mailed to the correct post office address of each Voting Member. Three-fourths of the entire Voting Membership must send to the Secretary written acknowledgment of such notice, or be present in person or by proxy to legalize such meeting, and such disbandment can take place only upon an affirmative vote of three-fourths o the entire Voting Membership.

SECTION 5. In such case, all the property of the Club shall be promptly turned into cash, all its legal obligations shall be paid, and any balance remaining shall then be disposed of as follows:

a. Each Life Member shall be promptly refunded his $500.

HONORARY MEMBERS

SECTION 5. Honorary Members shall enjoy all the privileges of the Club, except singing, voting and holding office.

RETIRED MEMBERS

SECTION 7, *a*. Every former Active Member, in good standing at the time of his retirement from Active Membership, shall be considered a Retired Member as long as he retains either a $10 or $20 annual Associate Membership.

b. Retired Members shall be entitled to the same privileges as Honorary Members.

c. Every Retired Member who has been an Active Member for at least ten years shall also be entitled to vote.

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